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POLITE LITERATURE.

TO be *polite* is no easy accomplishment. It requires sound sense, correct judgment of propriety in every situation and under every circumstance, refinement of taste and delicacy of feeling. To acquire *literature* is a labour Hercules could not accomplish. It exacts qualities far different; a hardihood of nerve, extreme patience under toil, perseverance, and self-denial. But *polite literature*, the union of these, how incompatible soever, the blending together of accomplishment and acquisition, the reconciliation of refinement and patience, the keeping alive delicacy in all its exquisiteness under the hardships of habitual labour, is indeed an object of fearful and wonderful attainment. It is a glory of character of gentle radiance, but of pure light.

It is that polite literature is next to impossible to acquire, that every age has produced but few polite scholars. Erudition is so one with pedantry, and learning with barbarism, that we rarely find the profound student so thoroughly versed in the lore of Greece or Rome, that the Greek has expelled from his mind the Barbarian, or the Roman the Goth and the Vandal. Yet is polite literature essential to the completeness of the scholastic character. It is as necessary to unite politeness to give worth to literature, as literature to give worth to politeness.

SIMPER is a man of manners without mind. Pedants would say, he was *in modo* for character, but nothing *in re*. He has a *manner* of reputation, but not the thing itself. With a handsome person and a small fortune, he is enabled to dress well and not to disgust, though perpetually smiling. Every body likes SIMPER, for as he has no opinion of his own, he always thinks at their service. Of rare equanimity of temper, he can never give offence. The hand of violence could scarcely knit his brows into a frown, and he would not for the world distort his lips into the expression of resentment. SIMPER too is a "*gallant man*, a *man of honour*, and a *cavalier*." He never meets the ladies without saying *civil things*, which some of them have discernment enough to pay in "*civil leer*," which he has discernment enough not to understand. Compliments are to him what tropes were to a character in Hudibras, "his mouth he cannot ope," but out there flies one. He is always at hand, wherever a fan is dropped. There is no man more attentive, nothing more charming. SIMPER has long been a favourite with the fair. With gentlemen he wishes to put himself off for a wit. Whenever he thinks

he has said something smart, his self-complacency bursts into a laugh. In the punctuation of his witticisms these broad grins are his own notes of admiration. He seems to expect you to take his jokes, as you might perhaps his bills, for the honour of the drawer, not aware of the difference of credit, and is somewhat in dudgeon to find them dishonoured or thought too bad to pass. The title-pages of books are favourite fields for the exercise of his skill at word-play. But SIMPER will never pass for a wit, except with those, who practise to him his servility to ladies.

While he can figure in a ball-room or trifle away time in diminutive courtesy, SIMPER is a happy man. But there are occasions, when he finds himself unfortunately in better company and called upon for exertions rather more becoming the gravity of manhood, "than capering nimbly in a lady's chamber." To these he is utterly unequal. He was once in company with some men of taste, who were conversing on English poets. They spoke of the *lyre* of COLLINS. "Mrs. Nightingale," interrupted he, "has a fine *harp*, that I think must be preferable, and her daughter plays on it to a charm." The company burst into a broad laugh. SIMPER stared in the utmost vacancy of astonishment, and is unable to this moment to discover the cause of their merriment.

Politeness without literature is mere frivolity. Like the confectioner's sweet bread, it is too light to swallow; and learning would be but a heavy lump at best without the leaven of politeness.

Many are those, to whom Festus' remark to St. Paul, that polite scholar of the Gospel, applies with strict truth. They are *made mad* by *much learning*. Fame for erudition is the supreme desire of their hearts. They evince folly in their zeal to show knowledge. This rage has made many young men pedants. They from their youth cannot have amassed much information. But whatever they have, that is at all unusual, they are for introducing on every occasion. The vessel may not be half full, and yet the water run over.

PLODWELL is a man of correct habits and respectable acquirements. But his attention has been confined exclusively to dead letters, and of "the living manners" he has no idea. Plodwell is a candidate for the ministry. Though his talents grace the desk, yet men recollect, that the pastoral duties are not confined to the pulpit. He is a man of no elegance of deportment, nor of even the common powers of address. People ask themselves the question, what consolation could this man impart at the side of a sick bed, or of what use would he be as a guardian for life. Thus will Plodwell pass through the world without the distinction, to which his talents entitle him, merely because he has neglected to acquire "that polish and that smooth behaviour," which is necessary to make a favourable first impression upon every multitude.

Plodwell has polite literature, but confines it to his discourses and compositions, and suffers not the least of it to appear in common life. He seems to think it something to be named with awe in the pulpit; not to lighten along the walks of time and dispel the shades that rest upon the way.

The love of literature is undoubtedly laudable. But, like every other passion of our imperfect nature must be controuled and regulated

to produce happy effects. Polite literature is not meant to be recommended, in the common sense of the terms, in opposition to recondite learning. The human mind is not to be circumscribed in its sphere of investigation. But little indeed must he have contemplated the course of the understanding, who has not observed how it may be widened and deepened and lengthened by artful direction; how it may be accelerated by contracting its channel; what extent of surface it may lave into fertility by enlarging it; and how its waters take their tinge from the objects over which they are made continually to pass. Recondite learning is not to be overlooked. But let it not be cultivated to the neglect of imagination, taste, and all the elegant and cheering and sportive faculties of at best a dull being. Let it not be pursued, till the pursuer is *spiritless*; a consequence too often witnessed, not to be dreaded. Oppressed by lumber, the understanding may be unable to exert its powers. The mind may be confined, till by dint of compression its elasticity is gone, and the principle, that gives life and energy and glory to the human character, fortitude, spirits, and hopes to the individual, is become extinct.

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote is extracted from the travels of Jens Wolfe, in the south of Europe. It will be found interesting. He thus introduces it:

"During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognised to be Charles ——. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favorite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived, on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming-table. Surrounded by titled black-legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which, in honor, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company; gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old

man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr. ——, till intelligence from the bankers' arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum: in negociating the bills however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valuables had been packed up, departed immediately with Mr. —— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route they proceeded to the south of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

"In the mean time the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison. The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs ——, who being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberallity, her extravagance now became unbounded; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and without making one commendable effort, to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length attempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty. She had a daughter!—a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was pourtrayed; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life to mourn——their blossoms blasted in the bud!

"Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

And like the tyrrannous breathing of the north,
Shook all its buds from blowing——

"Julia! it was mine to see thee but once: yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief! the dignified serenity that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion! could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows?—Sincerely did I share them; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

"This artless, exemplary girl, had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight: here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, meantime, distressed in her circumstances in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and, like an infernal demon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried unresisting and unknowing to her mother's dwelling; who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus coloured and disguised, the virtuous innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and intreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was—the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but, alas! too late to prevent the catastrophe that ensued. Julia returned home, but to what a home! a fiend awaited her arrival! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonor, and ruin!!—Here let me draw a veil over the melancholy history; suffice it to add that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Hers had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence: could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had never possessed half her innate modesty and worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must

have been hourly exposed? Her soul shrank from the prospect; urged by despair, she hurried from her mother's blasting sight, and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia!—and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was overpowered by the phrenzy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of mercy, and there mayst thou still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate.—Peace to thy manes!—sweet Julia."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

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ON A BIRTH-DAY.

"This is the day on which my being commenced, and which, therefore, involves in it many important particulars. I entered the world in the most helpless state, and must be trained into life with the greatest tenderness and care. At first, I must be watched day and night; and it is by slow degrees, and after many years of patient attention, before I can be confided to my own care and keeping, if I am permitted to reach the years of manhood. I am destined to form a link in the long connected chain of society; and shall either be the joy or grief of my parents, a comfort or disgrace to my friends, and an honour or shame to my country.

"My birth-day reminds me of many moral or social facts; it seems to say, that, as I have an intellectual nature, I ought to consider, wether I have, according to my opportunities, so strengthened my mind by the improvement of its faculties, so fortified it by virtuous principles, as in some good measure to answer the great design of my being, and thereby endeavoured to secure my present and future happiness. The return of every birth-day should set me upon this solemn examination: and should, likewise, influence me to enter upon resolutions of amending what has been amiss, and of making further advances in whatever will improve my nature and my state.

"There is nothing which should excite me to so much diligence in every thing that is praise-worthy, as the return of my birth-day, as that announces to me how quickly my years pass away; and admonishes me, that upon the successive arrival of each, fewer still remain; so that the return of a birth-day reports not only what is past, but affords wholesome instructions as to what is to come; it bids me prepare for the future eternal consequences of my present actions and urges me to endeavour to gain an exalted felicity in another world."

CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

Leonard Cockes was the author of a very scarce book published in 1532, entitled "The Art or Craft of Rhetoryke." The antiquity and rarity of this work and the singular style and sentiments contained in its dedication will justify us in extracting the latter.

"To the reverende father in God the singuler good lorde, the lorde Hugh Faryngton abbot of Redynge, his pore client and perpetual servant Leonard Cockes desyreth longe and prosperous lyfe with increase of honour.

"Consyderynge my speciall good lorde how greatly and how many ways I am bounden to your Lordshypp, and among other that in so great a nombre of connyne men whiche are now within this region it hath pleased your goodness to accept me as worthy to have the charge of the instruction and bryngginge up of such youth as resorteth to your grammar schole, founded by your antecessours in this your towne of Redynge, I studied a long space what thynge I might do next the busy and diligent occupienge of myselfe in your said servyce, to the whiche bothe conscience and your stipende doth staytly bynde me, that myght be a significacion to my faithfull and serysable hart whiche I owe to your lordeshypp, and agayne a long memory bothe of your singuler and beneficiale favour toward me: and of myn industry and diligence employed in your servyce to some profite; or at the least way to some delectacion of the inhabitantes of this noble realme now flourishyne under the most excellent and victorious prynce our soverain lorde kyng Henry the viii.

"And whan I had thus long prepensed in my mynde what thynge I might best chose out: non offryd itselfe more convenyent to the profyte of yonge students (which your good lordshyp hath alwayes tenderly favoured) and also meter to my p'session; than to make some proper werke of the right pleasaunt and persuadible art of Rhetoryke.

"Wyllynge to my parte to helpe such as are desirouse of this arte, (as all surely ought to be which entende to be regarded in any comynaltie) I have partely translated out a werke of Rhetorique wryten in the Latin tongue: and partely compyled of myn owne: and so made a lytle treatyse in manner of an Introductyon into this aforesayd Science: and that in our Englyshe tongue. Remembrynge that every good thyng (after the saying of a Philosopher) the more common it is: the more better it is. And furthermore trustynge thereby to do me some pleasure and ease to such as have by negligence or else fals persuacions be put to the lernyng of other sciences or ever they have attayned any meane knowledge of the Latin tongue.

"Whiche my sayd labour I humbly offre to your good Lordshyp, as to the chyefe maintener and nourysher of my study, beseechynge you though it be ferre within your merites done to me, to accepte it as the fyrst assay of my pore and simple wyt, which if yt may fyrst please your Lordshyp, and next the reders, I trust by the ayd of Almighty God to endyte other werkes both in this faculty and other to the laude of the hygh Godhed, of whom all goodnesse dothe proceede, and to your Lordshyps pleasure, and to profyte and delectacion of the reder."

The author divides his subject into four parts; invention, judgment, disposition, and eloquence in speaking: but the present treatise is confined to the first.

The author thus concludes:

"In the mene space I beseeche thereders (yf they finde any thynge therein that may do them any profyte) that they give the thankes to God and your Lordshyp, and that they will of theyre charitie pray unto the blessyd Trinite for me, that whan it shall plese the Godhed to take me from this transitory lyfe, I may by his mercy be of

the nombre of his elect to p'petual salvacion."

"Imprinted at London in Flete strete by St Dunstones chyrche at the sygne of the George, by me Robert Redman. The yere of our lorde God a thousand, fyve hundred and two and thyrty.

"CUM PRIVILEGIO."

The following lines from Shee's "Rhimes on Art," in reply to the insinuation, that there is something unfavourable to the arts in the climate of Britain, are replete with classical allusion and poetic imagery.

Insult! to think the land where Shakspeare sprung
The heav'n *he* breath'd—where seraph Milton sung!
In strains more sweet than erst from fabled shell
Of Orpheus old, or fam'd Amphion, fell:
Where Pope, where Dryden swept the sounding lyre,
With Maro's melody, and Homer's fire!
Where science, long on weak Conjecture's wing,
A thwarted falcon, flutt'ring from the string,
Loos'd by her Newton's hand, first shot on high,
And perch'd amid the mansions of the sky:
Insult! to think this garden of the globe,
This spangle shining bright on Nature's robe;
From finer joys in cold seclusion plac'd,
A kindless clime, beyond the beam of taste!
On wings of fire sustain'd, th' immortal mind,
Nor clime controuls, nor fog, nor frost can bind.
Where freedom, man's most cheering sunshine, glows,
Whether on Lybian sands, or Zemblan snows;
Where life exults, with each bold feeling fraught,
And Fancy fearless springs the mine of Thought.
What though! in Greece, when Ammon's glory sway'd,
When prostrate Rome Augustus' power obey'd,
In latter days, when Leo's lustre shone,
And georgeous Louis grac'd the Gallic throne;
What though! like rockets from the hand of time,
Through life's long gloom, shot sparkling and sublime,
Those meteor ages of mankind were given,
To mark with cluster'd stars the mental heaven,
And pour their blaze on earth's astonish'd view,
When freedom's cloud-encompass'd orb withdrew!
Britian, for thee! a brighter age expands,
Bless'd rock, on which the church of Freedom stands!
For thee remains to prove, what radiant fires
Gild the clear heaven, where liberty inspires;
To shew what springs of bounty from her hand,
As gush'd the rock at Moses' high command,
O'er Art's impoverish'd plains refreshing flow,
And cheer the fainting tribes of Taste below.

FOR THE EMERALD.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

No. 1.

"*The drama's laws the drama's patrons give*

THE custom of reviewing the theatrical performances which are offered for public support, is authorized by general custom, dictated by reason and reflection and sanctioned by the repeated benefits with which it is proved by experience to have been attended. Among all the amusements which have been invented for general recreation, there perhaps cannot be found a more beneficial institution than dramatic exhibition; and whether it be considered in its intrinsic moral effect or its practical usefulness, it is certainly deserving of generous encouragement and universal regard. When we speak of the moral effect of the stage we do not mean to make an unqualified assertion of the existence of such

sentiment as can produce any very great good on the mind or disposition of an audience; we confess ourselves rather sceptical in this respect. Curiosity is satisfied and admiration excited by scenic representations; but the moral effect produced, makes but a small item in the sum of a man's character. Those writers who affect a parade of morality in their estimate of the tendency of the stage, have considered the audience as viewing a represented story as if it were a real event: as if it were to be indelibly fixed in the mind, rather than, like the summer cloud to be dissipated by the lightest breath of reality; forgotten as soon as finished. There are certain moral effects however in the exhibitions of the stage by no means imaginary, and for which they are entitled to regard.

The ignorant and vulgar, are often instructed in historical events, that books would not easily have afforded; and manners and opinions are offered for their imitation to which they could not otherwise have access, and with which casual observation could hardly have supplied them. Tragedy is a history told with embellishments, and a shape and reality is presented before the mind for the approbation of opinion or the feelings of sentiment, which ignorance could not have derived from reading, and would not, if it could.

The man of refinement is benefited in the same way; the observation which might be disregarded in the closet, when forcibly uttered on the stage may not only delight him at the moment, but lead him into new channels of observation. The repeated applauses given by the better instructed branches of an auditory to virtuous and heroic sentiments, have a strong tendency to induce in the illiterate an appreciation of the beauty of such expressions; it is a sort of mediate instruction.

The *practical usefulness* of stage exhibition is in no respect more remarkable, than in its encouragement of genius. In countries which have not attained the meridian of riches but which are beyond the dawn of their prosperity, writers for the stage succeed better than any other class of literary adventurers. And though Shakespear, Fletcher, Massinger and Otway, in the infancy of literary encouragement did not create for themselves a golden reward for their conspicuous talents, Congreve, Addison and Vanbrugh in times of greater vigour of wealth, attained to some degree of eminence in property as well as fame. So far then as theatrical representations encourage genius they are highly to be cultivated.

It has been asserted with rash confidence, that, the Stage by relaxing industry transforms the mechanic and labourer into the lounger and extravagant idler. An assertion like this in a question of fact should have such arguments to support it as its favourers have never yet found. It is indeed nothing less than the vindictive spleen of ecclesiastical intolerance, diffused with mischievous pleasure through the medium of superstitious docility in the uneducated christian. That pretended conscientiousness by depriving a public of the only amusement which is rational, intellectual and attractive, would plunge it with malignant delight into the pool of barbarism, vassallage and superstition; would shroud it in one black night of intolerent opinion on one side, and acquiescent folly on the other. We hope however that though the theatres of Athens and Rome were the objects of implacable enmity in the view of the ecclesiastical courts, and with their final overthrow the barbarism of Europe began, that this age will not admit the influence of similar opinions and that the opulent, the commercial, the learned and the wise will oppose the ramparts of their dignity to the incursions of such rebarbarising doctrines.

The truth is, that after the labour of the day is past, amusement of some nature or other will necessarily begin. Enumerate then the amusements of common life; compare their influence on the habits and manners of those who resort to them and then ask if the stage be deleterious to religion. Will gambling afford stronger delight or effect a more benign influence, will

bacchanalian tavern brawls bestow greater pleasure in the enjoyment or induce finer feelings in the reflection? Will the dallient pleasures of the ball-room compare with the rational sensations of scenic exhibition. Let the disappointed card player, the red-nosed son of Bacchus, and the frippery beau afford an answer to these questions. Go then to the theatre which unfolds the finest sensations of the heart, and there learn that charity and fellow feeling which sophistical religionists withhold.

The best interests of the stage however can only be advanced by a judicious selection of the compositions to be exhibited and by a careful attention in the performers to the general effect of their exertions. When the trash of modern compilation is substituted for solid intellect of ancient composition; we are presented not only with the custards and other trifles contained in previous productions, "but the very egg shells from which our fare has been extracted." Modern writers not only steal the most indifferent sentiments but often the very vices of character from the ancient dramas. It is seriously to be wished that the more excellent species of dramatic composition, may be offered us, and we believe the Boston managers are willing to please the town with such productions, instead of the melo-dramas, the monstrous progeny of an union of pantomime and tragedy.

The actors too should recollect that they are in some measure brought forward as public instructors; and they certainly have some influence in the formation of the common taste. Their utterance should therefore be chaste, free from profanity, solecisms, vulgarity or provincialisms; their costume strictly correct and their characters thoroughly maintained.

Boston, Sept. 26, 1808.

The Theatre in Federal Street was opened for the season on this evening, with Mr. Cherry's play of "The Soldier's Daughter," and the farce of the Spoiled Child. The theatre has been improved in its interior decoration since the last season, and we are confident in the belief will be well supported by the public, in the event of a meritorious company of comedians. The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Woodham and others, is fortunate for the managers. Report speaks goldenly of Mr. Mills, and Mrs Woodham in the Widow Cheerly and Little Pickle afforded a most agreeable specimen of theatrical ability.

Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1808.

"THE WILL," by F. Reynolds, and LOVE A LA MODE.

Mr. Mills and Mrs. Woodham as Howard and Albina, made a most favourable impression on the Boston audience. Mrs. Woodham had points of most decided excellence in the course of the performance of Albina. She increases in favor with the public. Mr. Mills as Howard, has our most willing panegyric, for the chasteness of his elocution and manner, as well as for his characteristic deportment. But of his Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm, it is no compliment to say it is the most perfect which has yet been seen on our boards; because it so far distances competition, that it is not an object of comparison. The Scotch dialect has never before been given with any kind of effect. When it is performed again we hope to see more animation from Mrs. Dykes and more of an Irishman in Mr. Caulfield.

Mr. Stockwell as beau Mordecai promises well: but the character cannot afford a sufficient scope for ability to authorize us in announcing an opinion.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

A new translation of the celebrated Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself, has just been completed by the Author of the Swiss Emigrants. It is accompained by a Preface illustrative of some pecularities of French manners, particularly in the literary and fashionable circles, which may render the work more easily understood; and by notes, which contain notices of characters and events alluded to in the course of the original work, and not generally known in this country.

At the last meeting of the Wernerian Society, the president, Professor Jamieson, read an account of a method of constructing and colouring mineralogical maps, a satisfactory description of which method cannot be given without drawings. Maps, executed according to this plan, distinctly exhibited the figure of the cliffs, terraces, ranges, and groups of mountains; and the colouring affords a true and harmonious representation of the alternation, extent and relative position of the different rocks that appear on the surface. At the same time, the professor laid before the society a series of mineralogical queries, which he had drawn up with a view to direct the attention of mineralogists to the particular objects pointed out to them.

The Whitehaven Library, which was instituted the 20th of Feburary, 1797, (as a permanent and accumulating depository of literature) now consists of upwards of one thousand volumes; all of them are genuine editions. These may be classed as follows: Antiquity 18 vols. Theology, Morals, &c. 103; Voyages and Travels 147; History 103; Biography 51; Poetry, in sets 68; ditto, in single volumes 22; Science 46; Miscellaneous 300; Novels 82; Plays single, and in sets 144.

At the late meeting of the Literary Fund, a project was started, for the erection of a monument to the memory of John Locke. The idea was received with much applause, and there is reason to hope so laudable a design will be generally encouraged.

Mr. Cumberland, has in the press, a novel, to be entitled, John de Lancaster. It is the work which he announces in his Memoirs in the following words "I have also planned, and in great part finished, one more novel, upon which I have bestowed much time and care, anxious to leave something behind me which may instruct the scholar as well as the idler, something which gravity may read without contempt, and modesty without a blush: a work of fancy that may prove I have not quite exhausted my capacity to amuse, nor quite abandoned my endeavours to instruct."

Mr. Cromer will very shortly present to the public Mr. William Blake's Illustrations of Blair's Grave, etched by Mr. Louis Schiavonetti.

The Rev. David Blair, whose Class-Book has obtained currency in all schools, is engaged on a new English Grammar, which, it may be anticipated from his former productions, will be likely to claim the general preference of teachers.

A work, entitled Musæ Seatonianæ, will be published in June. It contains a collection of the poems which gained the annual prize founded by Mr. Seaton, at the University of Cambridge, from the first institution of the premium, in 1750, to the present time.

Mr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, is preparing for the press, a work entitled, The Diseases of Edinburgh; in which the sources of the permanent, or regularly returning diseases of that city are pointed out, and the entire removal of these sources, as well as the method of cure of the diseases they induce, are explained.

DOMESTIC.

Doctor Ramsay, (the celebrated Historian) has issued Proposals for publishing a History of South-Carolina, from its first settlement in 1670, to 1808. The work will be put to press in November next.

Printing in Walpole, N. H. by Wm. Fessenden and G. W. Nichols, A Serious Address, on the dangerous consequences of neglecting common Coughs and Colds, with directions for the prevention and cure of Consumptions; to which are added observations on the Hooping Cough and Asthma, by Thomas Hayes.

Printed at the Emerald press, for F. Nichols, A Treatise on the Diseases of the Joints, by Samuel Cooper, author of the First lines of the Practice of Surgery.

Cotton and Stewart, Alexandria, intend publishing The Exile of Erin, by Miss Gunning, one volume.

POETRY.

ANACREON AND STELLA;

Addressed to the DUTCHESS *of* R—D.

AS poor Anacreon bleeding lies,
From the first glance of Stella's eyes,
Too weak to fly, too proud to yield,
Or leave an undisputed field;
He rallies, rests upon his arms,
And reconnoitres all her charms.
Vainly he fancies that by peeping
Through all the beauties in her keeping,
He may in such a store collect
The healing balm of one defect;
One feeble part, one faulty spot,
That Nature's forming hand forgot,
Or left, in mercy, a defence
Against her wide omnipotence,
Which spares philosopher nor sage,
Nor tender youth, nor cautious age.
He view'd her *stature*, tow'ring high;—
The liquid lustre of her *eye*;—
The various wonders of her *mouth*,
Diffusing sweetness, like the South;
Where everlasting raptures grow,
Where violets breathe, and roses glow;
Where pearls in splendid order meet,
And tune the lapse of accents sweet;
As pebbles shed their silver beam,
Brighten and harmonize the stream.
He view'd her whole array of charms,
The waving plumes, and polish'd arms;
He look'd through every rank and file,
Through every grace, and every smile;
But saw no single spot neglected;—
The *front* secure, the *rear* protected,
The *centre* form'd with double care,
For the *supreme command* was there:
There hid mysterious from the day,
The consecrated banners lay:
No advantageous pass was lost,
No beauty sleeping on its post;
But all was order, all was force;
A look was victory of course.
On objects from the sight precluded
He by analogy concluded;
By faith in what had been reveal'd,
He judg'd of all that lay conceal'd;
That heaven, to which our fancies stray
Through fleecy cloud, and milky way:—
But he could speculate, or spy
Nothing to change his destiny.
At length in incident arose,
That flatter'd him with lesser woes.
The bold intrusion of a fly
Has clos'd the lustre of one eye,
And gave him hopes that, thus bereft
Of half her splendour, what was left
He could resist, or could evade,
Or could retire behind the shade.
But whilst he triumphs in these fancies
A new auxiliary advances.
The *snowy arm's* sublime display
Was rais'd to chase that cloud away.
Which seem'd the lightning to abate,
And yet awhile suspend his fate.
But, ah! how frail is hope! how vain!
The vanquish'd lustre came again,
And living ivory supply'd
That splendour which her eye deny'd.
So Alpine snowy cliffs arise,
Pervade the clouds, and touch the skies
Scatter around the silver ray,
And give new brightness to the day.
Thus disappointed in his dream
Of imperfection in her frame,
He meditates yet to explore
One desperate expedient more.
"Where shall I go a fault to find?—
Have I no refuge in her mind?
Can't I one healing *error* trace,
To cure the mischiefs of her face?
One tax, one countervailing duty,
To balance her account of beauty?
One saving foible, balmy fault,
One impropriety of thought,
To lend it's medicinal aid,
And cure the wounds her eyes have made?
Presumptuous hope!—I view'd once more
The blaze that dazzled me before,
And saw! those very eyes impart
A soul, that sharpen'd every dart;
With every rich endowment fraught,
The tender care, the generous thought,
The sense of each exalted duty,
That mingled worth with every beauty:
And a prevailing wish impress'd
To make *all* happy, and *one* bless'd.
Her soul through every feature spoke—
There was a virtue in each look:
The whole was gentleness and love—
Her arrows feather'd from the dove;
And every glance that charm'd the sight,
Was as benevolent as bright.
Finding no possible retreat,
I yield contented to my fate—
I unreluctant drag the chain,
And in the *passion* lose the *pain*—
For her sweet bondage is so light,
And all her fetters are so bright,
That, vain and vanquish'd, I must own
I cannot wish to lay them down,
Nor idly struggle to be free,
Nor change my lot for liberty."

MONTHLY LIST
OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

SEPTEMBER.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr William Stevens, to Miss Dolly Capron Pulsifer; Capt Daniel Brown, to Miss Sally Piper; Mr Adam Babbit, to Miss E Wilkinson; Mr Richard Jenkins, to Miss Mary Stokes; Mr John King, to Miss Mary Norcross; Mr Solomon B Morse, to Miss Charlotte Cutter; Mr Ephraim Herrington, to Miss Maria Simmons; Mr Benjamin Wells, to Miss Sophia Rumney; Capt James Trott, to Miss Eliza Winslow; Mr Stephen Keith, formerly of Pembroke, to Mrs Mary Taylor.

Mr Thomas Farrington, to miss Abigail Ransford.

In Haverhill, Joseph Sprague, jun Esq of Salem, to Miss Eliza Bartlett; in Danvers, Mr William Lamson, to Miss Sally Richardson; in Marblehead, Mr Job Hunt, to Miss Mary Valison; in Westford, Capt Leonard Jarvis, mer of Boston, to Miss Mary Cogswell; in Nantucket, Mr Gorham Coffin, to Miss Rebecca Mitchell; in Salem, Capt Benjamin Upton, to Miss Priscilla Ropes; in Brookfield, Dr John G Coffin, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Rice; in Roxbury, Mr Richard Potter, of Boston, to Miss Sally Harris, of Roxbury; in Cambridge Port, Mr William Dickinson, to Mrs Elizabeth Balch; in Winslow, (Me) Mr Jonathan Cary, of Bridgewater, to Mrs Mary Tiley Clark, daughter of Col Josiah Hayden; in Hingham, Mr David Nickerson, mer of Boston, to Miss Lucy Barns; in Nantucket, Dr Martin T Morton, to Miss Mary Cary; in Portsmouth, Hon Joseph Storer, Esq of Kennebunk, to Miss Priscilla Cutts; in Milford, Dr Jeremiah Stimpson, of Dedham, to Miss Hopestill Godfrey; in Baltimore, Capt Job Choate, of Boston, to Miss Margaret Adams; in Lyme, (Con) Mr Benjamin Albee, of Massachusetts, to Miss Lydia Otis; in West Springfield, Rev Mr Andrews, of Putney, (Ver) to Miss Betsey Lathrop; in New Orleans, Lieut Michael Reynolds, of the U S Marines, to Miss Catherine Cowperthwaite; in Providence, Capt Christopher Bentley, to Miss Lydia Fenner, of Johnston; Capt William Comstock, to Miss Bethiah Gorham; in Amherst, (N H) Dr William Burns, of Littleton, (Ms) to Miss Mary Patterson; in Walpole, (N H) Mr John Williams, to Miss Mary Fields; she being only his *third* wife within three years.

In Providence, mr Benjamin Tucker, to miss Sarah Edes, both of this town; in Salom, mr Thomas Robbins, to miss Mary Mascoll; in Watertown, mr Joseph Johnson, mer of Hallowell, to miss Abigail Stone.

DIED,

In this town, Miss Ruth Pratt, of Weston, aged 18; Mary, youngest daughter of Mr Zebah Thayer, 4m; Mrs Hepzibah H Owen, wife of Mr Benjamin Owen, 28; Peter, son of Joseph Ferris, Esq of Charlestown, 18y; Widow Rebecca Farrar, 74; Mr John Andrew, 35; Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Henry Schooder, 29; Mrs Ruthy Walton, 44; Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Edward Horsman, 28; Frances Augusta, daughter of Mr Daniel Tuttle, 9m; Mrs Mary Hoch, 32; Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Seth Fuller, 24; Mrs Agnes Lobdell, 86.

Mr Joseph Hewes, 23, youngest son of Mr Shubael Hewes; Lewis, son of Mr Lewis Wilder, 9m; Caroline, daughter of Mr Matthew S Parker, 4y; Miss Susanna Wheat, 48; Mr James Buckman, 27; Mr James Gooch, 49; in this port, on board the brig Lucy, (Joseph Davis, master) Mr James Perkins, a seaman; whose family is supposed to be in Portsmouth; mrs Lydia, widow of mr George Singleton, 36; Robert, son of Col R L Livingston, of N York, 11m; James William Easton, 11m. Nathaniel Balch, Esq 73. Few characters in this place have been more generally known, and within the sphere of their influence more

powerfully attractive than Mr. Balch. To say that he discharge his relative duties with faithfulness, that as a father he was kind, as a husband affectionate, and as a citizen he was industrious, is not placing him out of the rank and file of mankind.—Through the course of a long life, he was not found to deviate from the track of virtue, nor swerve from the integrity of friendship. In this he was singular, but the peculiarity of his character was his aptitude in humourous recitals, and the readiness of his wit. And in these particulars he was so remarkable, that he numbered among his most intimate acquaintances, some of the most conspicuous statesmen and patriots in the country, as well as the most reverend divines. His house was the habitation of pleasure; and mirth was the cup-bearer to the guests. His talents at parties of convivial festivity shone with increased brilliancy; his wit was a constant irradiation and the whole company felt grateful for the sunshine of his good humour. Where now are thy jests and thy quiddities, thou humourist of perpetual fancy: they exist only in the minds of thy friends and family: they have now no body, and will soon fade into an almost imperceptible colouring; but the virtues with which they were attended shall attain a more imperishable existence.

In this town, Mr James Austin, 42; Mr Francis Reinhart, 45; Sarah Barker Blackstock, daughter of Mr Wm Blackstock, 4m.

In Augusta, (Geo) Mrs Priscilla Tully, 101; in Stonington, (Con) Caroline Day, 18m daughter of Mr Samuel F Dennison, mer of Boston; in Brighton, Mr Samuel Learned, 63; in Dorchester, Mrs Mary Clap, relict of the late Mr Thomas Clap, 70; in Hingham, Miss Elizabeth Loring, 75; in Roxbury, Mrs Mary wife of Mr David Baker, 29; in Virginia, Rev Dr James Whitehead, late a rector of Christ's Church, Baltimore; near Philadelphia, the Rev Joshua Vaughan, pastor of the Church in Brandywine, (Penn); in Portland, Widow Mary Wyer, 75; in Dorchester, Mr Andrew Anderson, a seaman, 30, a native of Sweden; in Lancaster, Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Rufus Fletcher, 42; in Jamaica, W I Gen Wm A Villettes, Lieut Gov and Commander in Chief of the forces of the island [The command devolved on Maj Gen Carmichael, as senior officer]; Capt Albert Turretin, aid decamp and nephew to the late Lieut Gov Villettes; in Havana, Mr John E Prince, supercargo; John Schroder, carpenter; Thomas Peneris, William Hamlin, Benjamin Boardman, and Daniel Ramsdell, seamen, all belonging to ship Hope, of Salem; in Georgia, Dr Bushell, of Abbeville district, S C shot in a duel, by James Lesley, Esq of said district.

At Cape of Good Hope, Capt Isaac Elwell, of ship Reliance, of Boston; in Montego Bay, Jamaica, Mr James Wall, of Somerset, Ms; near Winchester, Virg Mr William Whittington; killed by a negro wench while he was attempting to chastise her for cruelly beating her child.

In Providence, 3d ult Mrs Ann Allen, 49: By the death of this lady, the cause of virtue suffers the loss of an able advocate and bright example; liberal piety mourns at this bereavement of one of her true and amiable disciples; hospitality loses one of her bounteous children; charity a discreet, sympathetic and fair almoner; kindred affection one whose loss can be appreciated only by the void occasioned in maternal and filial endearments: Society when examining the record of the virtuous in the land, will drop a tear on the name of this good lady and seal its worth.

In Worcester, Mr Benjamin Willington, 22; in Salem, Miss Anstis, daughter of Capt Thomas Chipman, 16; Mr Benjamin Swan, 27; in Pepperell, Dr Jeremiah Lawrence, 60: by this death, the town and vicinity have lost a skilful and worthy physician; in Newton, Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr. Joshua Jackson, jun 53.

In Madras, Mr Nathan Foster, of Salem, 25; on his passage from Lima to London, Mr George W Appleton, 33, youngest son of the late Nathaniel Appleton, Esq of Boston; on his passage from Mocha, mr Asa Peabody, of Salem, 27; in Campden, England, miss Susan Carrol, 90; leaving 10,000*l.* at interest for the maintenance of her dressing woman and her favourite cat Tabby.

In Surrinam, mr James Hammond, of Providence, 20; in Charlestown, mr Wm Davis; in Dorchester, mrs Anne Carruthers, 68; mr William Gowen, 59; in Westborough, mr Phinehas Gleason, 76; in Arundell, Capt Daniel Merrill, 76; a few hours after his going to bed, his wife discovered him to be dead.

In East Sudbury, of consumption, mrs

Persis, wife of mr Coolidge Jones, 24; in Adams, Ohio, mr Israel Stone, 59, formerly of Rutland, Ms; in Newton, mrs Esther Lilley, 29; in Dorchester, mrs Sarah Hall, 66, widow of the late Col Hopestill Hall; in Roxbury, mrs Mary Williams, wife of mr Nathaniel Williams, 30; in Bristol, England, mrs Harriet Oliver, wife of Thomas Oliver, Esq formerly Governor of Massachusetts; in Raleigh, N C John Craven, Esq comptroller of the treasury of N Carolina; in Willington, Con mr Leonard White, of Coventry, 21; he was exercising in a troop of horse, and was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol by his left hand man, while in the act of loading; the ramrod was driven quite through his head, entering the left cheek and coming out at the right ear.

In Orford, Joseph Oxtell, 17; he drowned while bathing on a Sabbath day.

In Marblehead harbour, drowned, Mr John Pedrick, and Mr Samuel Hiler, both aged 21: They were in a sail boat with Capt Rebert Girdler, when they were struck by a squall, and upset; Capt G. having on a large brimed hat which set tight to his head buoyed him up until assistance was afforded.

In Salem, Widow Mary Crukshank, 60; Lucy Pickering Stone, only child of Capt John S. 13m.; in Charlestown, Mr John Call, 47; Miss Sally, daughter of Widow Elizabeth Barker, 19; in Annapolis, (N S) Rev Mr Jacob Bailey, 67, rector of St Luke's Church: He was born in New England, educated at Harvard College, and at the commencement of the American war was a missionary at Pownalboro' for the society for propagating the gospel: During the last 26 years of his life he was absent from his church only one Sunday; in Montreal, Mr John Neagles: He died while sitting in his chair, apparently with no other infirmity than old age.

In Savannah, Capt Madison, of the Charleston packet Regulator; between Raleigh and Newbern, (N C) William Wise, the post-boy, shot by two negroes, one of whom is taken, and part of the money, &c in the mail recovered.

In Philadelphia, William Sanford, Esq formerly of the inner temple, London, latterly first book-keeper of the bank of Pennsylvania, and had just been chosen cashier of the branch bank at Easton.

In Ridgway, (Conn) Mr Ebenezer Stebbins, 54: In discharging a gun at some birds (one of which he killed) the breech-pin flew out and entered his head just above the eye-brows, and lodged in his brains; he lived 48 hours after the accident.

In Canbrook, (Eng) Mrs Paine, 68, wife of the notorious Thomas Paine, who had for many years deserted her; in Trinidad, James Rigby, Esq a member of his B M's council for Trinidad; in New Orleans, Mr James Carrick, merchant, his Swedish majesty's consul; in Natick, Mr Samuel Stow, 36; in Beverly, Mr John Moulton; in Wilmington, (N C) Capt Henry Barton, of ship Draper, of New York; Mr William Clark, of ship Active, of Philadelphia; in Keene, (N Y) Capt Stephen Griswold, 75, formerly of Keene, (N H); in Portland, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Ephraim Anderson, 29; Mrs Martha, wife of Dr John Gould, 30; in Leyden, Mrs Mary, relict of the late Capt William Morton, of Boston; in Newburyport, Mr Jacob Kuhn, 69; Mr Samuel Burrill, 76; in Marblehead, Mrs Bubier, 60; in Salem, Mr Joseph Dewing, 49; Mrs Priscilla, wife of Mr David Ropes, 19.

In Portsmouth, (Eng) 18th July, Mr Francis Howard, mer. of this town; in Charleston, Mr John Cook, 25, a native of Londonderry, Ireland; in Newbern, (N C) Major George Ellis: While employed in blowing up a house to stop the progress of a fire (8th Sept. which destroyed 7 houses, &c) he received a mortal wound on the head.

In Baltimore, Mr Edward Augustus Evans, midshipman in the U S navy; at his country-seat, Catalpa-Hill, Maryland, after a long illness and debility, borne with patience and resignation, Mr James Dall, a native of this town, and long a respectable merchant of Baltimore, 54.

In Groton, Mrs Joanna, wife of Hon Pierre Van Cortland, late governor of New York, 87; in Ipswich, (N H) Hon Charles Barrett, Esq 68; honest, sincere, generous and humane, his death is much lamented; in Wake-

field, Mr Samuel Allen, 97 ; in Salem, Mrs Lydia, wife of Jacob Hayes, 49 ; in Charlestown, Mr Joseph Lamson, 49 ; in Royalston, Isaac Gregory, Esq representative to the General Court from that town for many years last past : A man of an indepeudent mind and benevolent heart.

In England.

Married.—Mr William Caster, owner of the Sloops Yarm and Sandwich, aged 70, to Miss Phœbe Farrer, aged 19.

At Aysgarth, William Purchas, jun esq. of West Burton, to Miss Willis, of Carperby, in Wensleydale.

Died.—At Ealing, of a fit of appolexy, Mr. John Freeborn, 53. He, for many years, was principal manager of the business of the late Mr. Dodsley, of Pall-mall, where, during his leisure hours, he assiduously cultivated a natural taste for science in general, but more particularly mathematics and natural philoshphy, in which he excelled. He possessed a strong vein of humour, which he occasionally indulged in epigrammatic compositions.

In Scotland-yard, William Lowndes, esq. one of the commissioners of excise, last surviving grand-son of the Right Hon. William L. commonly called Ways and Means Lowndes, secretary to the treasury during the reigns of William III. and his two successors.

In Dean's-yard, Wesminster, in his 80th year, that venerable actor, Mr. Thomas Hull, who had been so long a member of the theatrical community, that he had become the father of the stage. He was originally in the medical profession, and among those who knew him long was styled Dr. Hull. He was a good scholar, and possessed literary talents, which he frequently exercised, many years ago, with credit to his character. His compositions were invariably intended to promote the interests of virtue, and excite the benevolent affections. But what must for ever render his name dear to the friends of humanity, and particularly the theatrical world, he was the founder of the institution which provides subsistence for decayed actors and actresses, when they are no longer qualified for the duties of their profession. If this institution had been properly supported by the proprietors of the theatres and the principle preformers, it would have been much more prosperous than it has been, and would of course, have afforded a more comfortable support for those who are not in general much disposed to provide for the decline of life, who often delight the public, but whom the public think very little of when the power of delighting it at an end. Mr. Hull wrote a tragedy upon the subject of Fair Rosamond, which he dedicated to the memory of Shenstone the poet, of whose friendship he was reasonably proud, and of whom he had an original portrait, which he held in great veneration. Mr. Hull lost an amiable wife a few years ago, who had formerly been his pupil. His aged mother resided many years in Bath, and is interred at Weston, near that city where a small monument, with a few affectionate lines to her memory was erected by Mr. Hull.

At his house in Cornhill, Mr. Lambert, an eminent stock-broker. He put an end to his life by shooting himself with a pistol. It appears that he was under considerable embarrasments which were unknown even to his partner, Mr. Cotton, or his family but which had occasioned a depression of spirits that led to the catastrophe. On a minute examinatin of his affairs a deficiency to the amount of upwards of 60,000l. was discovered.

At an advanced age, Sir Henry Grey bart. He was the elder brother of the late Earl Grey, and uncle to the present he never was married, and by his death Earl Grey becomes possessed of estates to the value of near 30,000l. per annum besides a fortune for each of his young children. Sir Henry has left large legacies to each of his lordship's brothers and sisters, and has made all his old servants comfortable for the remainder of their lives.

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